

Silence by Queensoffiction

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Summary: The first time Mike Wheeler met Eleven he was a seven year old boy, and the most important thing to him was deciding what ice cream flavor he wanted. Eleven's an abused little girl, used for her powers by Hawkins as their weapon. Both of them meet and their two worlds collide.

Silence

"Mommy, can I have..." the young boy stood on his tippy toes and peered down at the ice cream flavors. *"Chocolate chip, chocolate, mint, Oreo or vanilla with chocolate sauce?"* "Mm...Nancy, you pick first."

Nancy Wheeler smiled wide, showing her missing tooth, pleased she would get her ice cream first. She was a fairly pretty girl at nine, almost ten, with chocolate hair that curled around her heart shaped face. Today she wore a soft pink dress that complimented her lovely blue eyes.

"Sir, I would like the Make-Your-Own ice cream," Nancy said. "Chocolate ice cream with Oreos and M&Ms, please."

"Course," The man behind the counter said. "Wha'd 'bout you, kiddo?"

"Mike hasn't made his choice, sir. Mike, hurry up there's people behind us," Mrs. Wheeler urged him. She was seven months pregnant with her third child. She rubbed a hand over her swelled stomach. All she wanted was to go home and rest, but her adamant children begged to go to the parlor since it was hot out.

Mike Wheeler was seven years old. He was small, scrawny, and a bit of nerd even at his age. He had no interest in sports, to his fathers sadness, preferring to spend his time making up stories. Mrs. Wheeler was sure he'd grow to be some famous journalist, but Mr. Wheeler was sure by the time he got older he'd have a sure love of baseball. His dark hair was getting long and he often had to push it out from in front of his eyes.

"I'll have...I'll have the..." What would he get? Suddenly a thought popped into his head. "Wait, Mom! We have a gift card in the car I'll get it for you!"

"Wait Mike I don't ne—" Before she could finish her sentence Mike was running out. Good, he smiled, I bought myself some time. For a boy his age choosing what ice cream flavor he wanted was the most important decision he'd ever make.

The summer sun was baring down on their small town. People crowded at the town pool, bought new fans, stayed in the shade, doing whatever possible to keep themselves from burning. Mike wiped a bead of sweat from his face. *"Ugh, I should've just let Nancy pick. I'll die if I go in that hot car..."* But, his mother was expecting the gift card now and he didn't feel like being scolded by an angry, pregnant woman.

He walked down the parking lot, looking both ways, towards the direction of their families minivan. It was an old, broken down thing and the air conditioning didn't even work. Mike would rather walk the ten miles home than spend five minutes in that human oven.

He was about to open the door when he heard voices coming from the alleyway between the two government buildings.

"Eleven, what did I tell you the first time?" A white haired man in a clean suit was saying. "Do not ask me one more time."

"But Papa, I'm so hot." Mike craned his head and saw a small, little girl, looking just as skinny as him. Her head was shaved and she didn't dress like any kid he'd ever seen before. She dressed like a prisoner. She was sweating like a hog and those heavy clothes weren't helping. "Please, Papa, just some water—" Faster than lightning, she was flying down onto the asphalt. There was a giant, red, hand-sized mark on her face. She was looking up at the man she called "Papa" in fear. He'd struck her so hard a trickle of blood was running down her cheek.

But Papa wasn't done. He grabbed her by her shirt and shoved her against the brick wall. *"HOW — MANY — FUCKING — TIMES — DO — I — HAVE — TO — TELL — YOU — TO — LISTEN — DAMMIT!"* With every word he punctuated it with a kick to her rib. She slumped down to a ball on the floor, clutching her knees, crying, trying to protest herself.

"Papa, Papa," She was crying. *"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'll be a good girl. I'll do whatever you say. I'm sorry."* He looked at the girl in disgust once more before he stepped on her wrist. Mike heard a sharp crack and saw the girl let out a shriek of pain.

He bent down and spit in her face. "Next time, you try to use your powers on me, you little *freak*, I will end you. I don't give a damn if this project fails without you. There's a hundred more freaks in the world." He gave her a smirk. "Now stay here while Papa goes talk to the scientist. And the man walked away into the glass doors of the government building.

As soon as Mike saw he was gone, he ran to the girl. She was crying and she was staring as her head bent in a messed up position.

"Hi," He said softly. "Are you okay?" Her eyes widened. She looked surprised and scared seeing him. For the first time Mike noticed her nose was bleeding. "I-I have a band-aid. For your cheek." She looked at him apprehensive. "What's your name?"

She stared down at her hands. "Eleven," She whispered. "Please, leave me. Papa doesn't let me talk to anyone my age."

"Is that really your dad?" Mike asked. "You can come with me. My mom can take you to stay with us 'til you get better. It's not fair that he...well, does *that*."

"I can't," Tears welled in her eyes. "I'm the monster."

"You're not a monster," Mike said. "You're...You're...You're my *friend*. You hungry?" He pulled out his lunch box. They'd drove straight from school so he still had it. "My mom packed this." He slowly handed her an Eggo waffle.

She looked down at it, sniffed it, and nibbled a bite. "Thank you."

"Enjoy your day, Dr. Brunner!" A voice called. "And make sure to send me those test results for the girl as soon as you can."

"Of course, Dr. Kwiatkowski," Mike heard Papa say from the corner. "My Eleven will be slaughtering Russians before she turns twelve."

She looked scared again. "Leave. I-I'll be fine. If I break the can, he'll be happy. He'll be happy. I'm sure of it." It sounded like she was trying to reassure herself. "*GO!*" She whisper yelled. There wouldn't be enough time for him to run back to the ice cream shop, so he quickly hid behind four trash cans.

"Eleven," Dr. Brunner's voice was steel. He kneeled down and pushed her chin up so she was looking at him. "You *will* use your powers. No more floating books, Eleven, and no more trying to run. I beat you so you know your place. You are a test subject. You are 011. You are not a normal girl, Eleven, and you never will be. All you have to do, is do what Papa wants and all will be well, ok? Remember that picture you made of you and I? We can be that happy. All you have to do is listen to the nice scientists."

"Yes, Papa," She said. "I want to make you happy."

"Good." He pulled her up. "Now, we'll get Nurse to clean your cuts and fix your wrist. When we get back, we are straight to work. I know you're far too advanced to just smash a can with your mind. We are going to use a cat. I need to see if you have the ability to bring down living things as well as non-living things."

Eleven turned her head and stared at the trash cans for a sliver of a second. Sh didn't have to say a thing. Her big brown eyes pleaded. Mike saw fear in them. The fear he got when he bullies took his stuff or punched him. Mike saw that this wasn't the first time he beat her and it wouldn't be the last. Her silence was deafening. She mouthed one word at him: *Help*. And Mike made a choice he would regret for the rest of his life. He shook his head, looked down, and mouthed back "No."

Five years later while looking for Will Byers he found her again. Hairless, fearful, and still looking at him with the same eyes. Once again hen he stared into this big brown eyes and she mouthed the word "*Help*," but this time, he whispered back "Yes."